PR
1261
M35+
1569a

Cornell University Library

BOUGHT WITH THE INCOME
FROM THE
SAGE ENDOWMENT FUND
THE GIFT OF
Henry W. Sage
1891

A239440 29/4/07

6896-1

DATE DUE
My 8 '32

Cornell University Library
PR 1261.M35 1569a
The marriage of Wit and Science, 1569–70
3 1924 013 324 607
olin.pre1

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Marriage of Wit and Science

Date of Original, 1569–1570
[*The Bodleian Library, Oxford, Malone* 231]
Reproduced in Facsimile, 1909

Marriage of Wit & Science

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Marriage of Wit and Science

1569–70

Issued for Subscribers by

T. C. & E. C. JACK, 16 HENRIETTA STREET

LONDON, W.C.: AND EDINBURGH

MCMIX

A.239440

The Marriage
of
Wit and Science

This is one of a trio of "Wit" plays, all of which are included in the present series of facsimile reprints.

"The Marriage of Wit and Science" was licensed to W. Marsh in 1569–70. The only known copy is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The photographic negatives used in the reproduction of this play, as also those of Bale's "Temptation of our Lord" and "The Beauty and Good Properties of Women," have been made by the Clarendon Press, Oxford, who have the sole right, and exercise it, of executing all such work in connection with books, manuscripts, and the like in the Bodleian. Mr. Fleming, the technical photographer in charge of this series, is not therefore directly responsible for the workmanship of the three plays in question. The result leaves somewhat to be desired. The reproductions for which he is personally accountable are unquestionably better in all respects. There is in the Oxford negatives a certain lack of "crispness" and "contact" which, though occasionally traceable in Mr. Fleming's manipulation, are in his work reduced to a minimum.

A careful and critical examination of this particular facsimile shows a marked improvement on the two other Bodleian items. The chief "fault" again is that it is not quite "sharp" enough; otherwise it is a good piece of work.

A typical example of this "fault" will be found on [E. iv. recto], *in the first and second halves of the first eight lines of the speech of Science. The first halves of these lines correctly reproduce the original; the second halves are not so sharp; the rest of the speech is about right.*

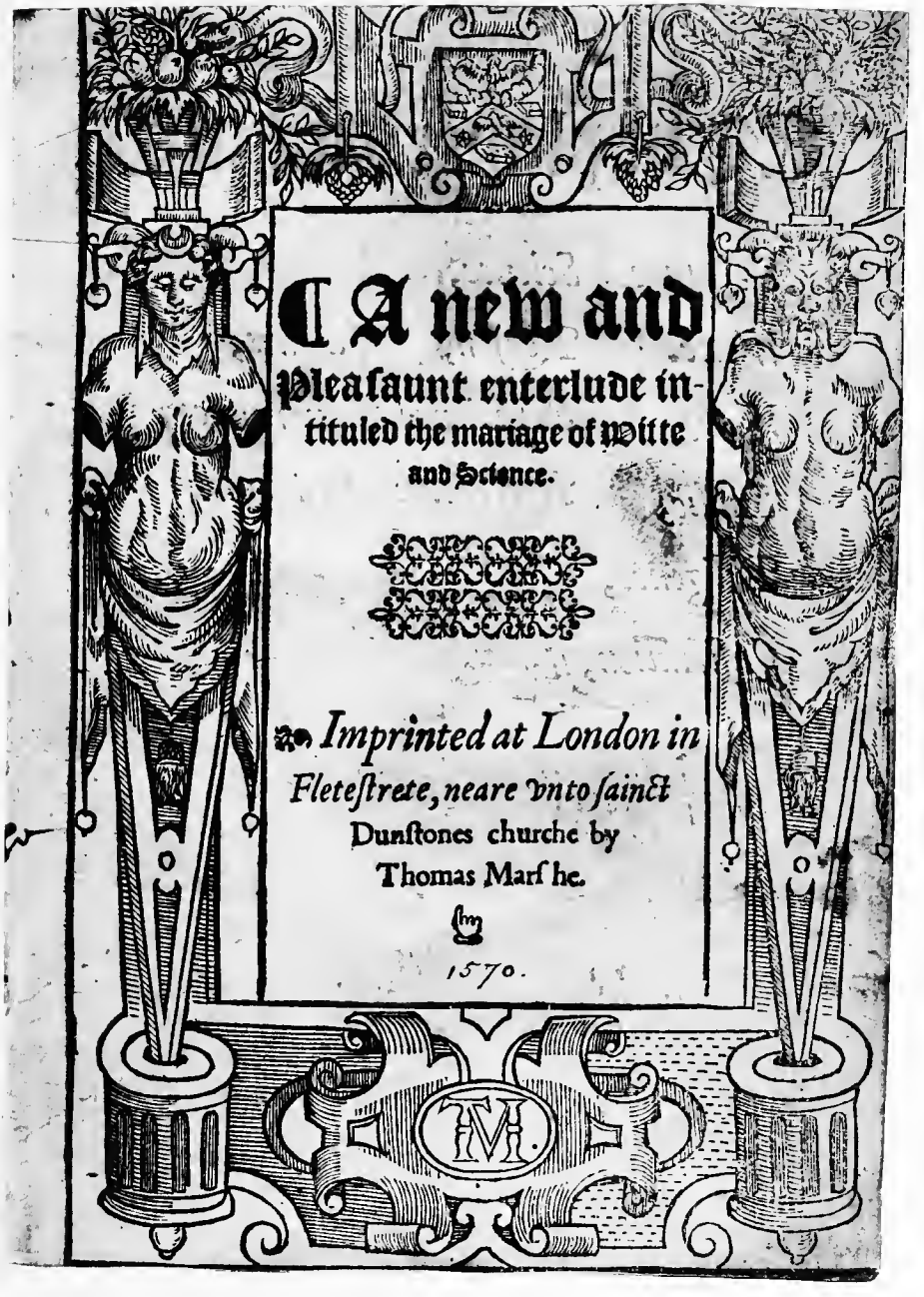
I have included the two pages of script at the commencement of the volume. In the original these two pages are not recto *and* verso *of one leaf as now given: they occupy the* rectos *respectively of* two *separate leaves preceding the title-page.*

JOHN S. FARMER.

The Marriage of wit and science. 1570.
The Enterlude of Youth, ——
Like will to like, —— 1568.
The Trial of Treasure —— 1567.
A knacke to know an
honest man, —— 1596.
A knacke to know ~~a cheater~~
~~knave~~ knave —— 1594
The First Part of Jeronimo — 1605.
Life and Death of Jack Straw 1604
Two Tragedies in one —— 1601

Licenses to Mr. Marshe between July
1569 & July 1570.

Coll.



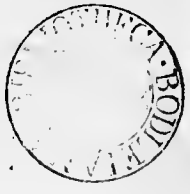
A new and Pleaſaunt enterlude intituled the mariage of Wytte and Science.

Imprinted at London in Fleteſtrete, neare vnto ſainct Dunſtones churche by Thomas Marſhe.

1570.

The players names.

Nature *Science*, *Shame*,
Witte. *Reaſon*, *Fdelnes*,
Will, *Experience*, *Fgnoraunce*
Studie, *Recreation*, *Tediouſnes*.
Diligence, *with thre o-*
ther women
Fnſtruction, *ſingers*.



Nature, witte and will.

Kaunde Lady mother of euery mortall thynge:
Nurſe of the worlde conſeruatyue of kynd
Cauſe of encreaſe, of lyfe and ſoule the ſpring.
At whoſe inſtincte, the noble Heauen doth winde,
To whoſe award all Creatures are aſſynde,
I come in place, to treate with this my ſonne,
For his auayle howe he the path may fynde,
Wherby his Race in honour he may runne:
Come tender Childe, vnrype and greene for age,
In whom the paret ſettes her chiefe delite,
Witte is thy name, but farre from wiſdome ſage,
Vyll tracte of tyme ſhall worke and frame aryght,
This pereleſſe brayne, not yet in perfect plyght:
But when it ſhalbe wrought me thinkes I ſee
As in a glaſſe before hand with my ſyghte
A certaine perfect peece of worke in the,
And now ſo farre as I geſſe by ſignes
Some great attempte is fyred in thy breſt:
Speake on my ſonne wherto thy harte inclynes
And let me deale to ſet thy hart at reſt,
He ſalues the ſore that knowes the patient beſt
As I doe thee my ſonne my chiefeſt care,
In whom my ſpeciall prayſe and loye doth reſt,
To me therfore theſe thoughtes of thyne declare

VVitte.

Nature, my ſoueraigne Quene and paret paſſyng dere
Whoſe force I am inforſt to know and knowledge euery where,
This care of myne though it be bread within my breſte,
Yet it is not ſo rype: as yet to brede me great vnreſt,
So runne I to and fro, with hap ſuche as I fynde,
Now faſt, now loſe, now hot, now cold, vncōſtant as that wind,
I feele my ſelfe in loue yet not inflamed ſo,
But cauſes moue me now and then, to let ſuche fancies go,
Whiche cauſes preuailyng ſettes eche thing els in doubte
Much like the nayle that laſt came in, dryues the former out.

Wherfore my ſuite is thys, that it would pleaſe your grace,
To ſettle this vnſetled head in ſome aſſured place:
To leade me through the thyck, to guyde me al the waye,
To poynt me where I maye atcheue my moſt deſyred praye,
For nowe agayne of late I kyndle in deſire
And pleaſure pricketh fourth my youth to feele a greater fyre,
What though I be to young to ſhewe her ſport in bed,
Yet are there many in thys lande that at my yeares doe wedde,
And though I wed not yet, yet am I olde inowe
To ſerue my Lady to my power and to begynne to woe.

Nature.

What is that Ladyes ſonne which thus thy hart doth moue

VVitte.

A Ladye whom it myght be ſeeme hygh Ioue hym ſelf to loue.

Nature

Who taught the her to loue, or haſt thou ſeene her face.

VVitte.

Nor this nor that, but I hard menne talke of her apace.

Nature.

What is her name?

VVitte.

Reaſon is her ſire, Experience her dame,
The Ladye nowe is in her flowers and Science is her name
Loe where ſhe dwelles, lo where my harte is all poſſeſt,
Loe where my bodie would abyde, lo where my ſoule doth reſt.
Yet haue I borne good wyll, theſe manye yeares tofore,
But nowe ſhe lodgeth in my thought a hundred partes the more,
And ſince I doe perſwade my ſelf that thys is ſhe
Which ought aboue all earthly wyghtes to be moſt deare to me
And ſince I wote not howe to compaſſe my deſyre,
And ſince for ſhame I can not now nor mynd not to retyre,
Helpe on I you beſeech and bring thys thyng about
Wythout youre hurte to my greate eaſe, and ſet all out of doubte.

Nature.

Thou aſkeſt more, then is in me to gyue,
More then thy cauſe, more then thy ſtats will beare
They are two things to able thee to liue,
And to liue ſo, that none ſhould be thy peare,
The firſt fromme, proceedeth euerye where,

But this by toyle and practiſe of the mind,
Is ſet full farre god wot and bought full deare,
By thoſe that ſeeke the fruite therof to finde,
To match thee then with Science in degree,
To knit that knot, that few may reach vnto
I tel the playne, it lyethe not in mee,
Why ſhould I challenge that I cannot doe
But thou muſt take another way to woe,
And beate thy brayne and bende thy Curioſe head,
Both ryde and runne and trauayle to and froe
If thou entend that famous Dame to wed.

VVitte.

You name your ſelfe the Lady of this worlde.

Nature.

It is true.

VVitte.

And can there be within this worlde, a thing to hard for you.

Nature.

My power it is not abſolute in Juriſdiction
For I cogniſe an other Lord aboue
That hath receaued vnto his diſpoſition
The ſoule of man which he of ſpeciall loue
To gyfts of grace and learning eke doth moue.
A worke ſo farre beyonde my reach and cail,
That in to part of prayſe with him my ſelfe to ſhow
Myght ſone procure my well deſerued falle.
He makes the frame and receiue it foe,
No totte therin altered for my head,
And as I it receiue I let it goe,
Cauſyng therin ſuche ſparkles to be bredde
As he commyttes to me by whom I muſt be ledde
Who guides me firſt and in me guides the reſt,
All which in their due courſe and kind are ſpedde
Of giftes from me ſuch as may ſerue them beſt,
To thee ſonne witte he wild me to inſpire
The loue of knowledge and certayne ſeedes deuine
Which ground might be a meane to bring thee hiere,
If therunto thy ſelf thou wilt encline
The maſſy golde, the conning hand makes fyne:

Good groundes are tilde, as well as are the worſte
The rankeſt flower will aſke a ſpringyng tyme,
So is mans wit vnperfit at the firſt.

VVitte.

If connyng be the key and well of worldly blyſſe
My thinketh god might at ỹ firſt as well endue al with this.

Nature.

As connyng is the kay of blyſſe, ſo it is wooꝛthy pꝛayſe
The wꝛthieſt thigs ar wonne wꝫ pain in tract of time alwaies,

VVitte.

And yet right wꝛthy things ther are, you wil cõfeſſe I trow,
Which notwithſtanding at our birth god doth on vs beſtow.

Nature.

There are but ſuch as vnto you that haue the great to name,
I rather that beſtow then wynne therby ymmꝛtal fame,

VVitte,

Fayne would I learne what harme oꝛ detriment enſued,
If any man were at his byꝛth with theſe god gyftes endued.

Nature.

There ſhould be nothing lefte, wherin men might excell,
No blame foꝛ ſinne, no pꝛaiſe to thē that had deſyned wel:
Vertue ſhould loſe her pꝛice, and learning would abounde
And as man wold admire the thing that echewher might be foūd,
The great eſtate that haue of me and foꝛtune what they wil
Shold haue no nede to loke to thoſe, whoſe heads are fraght wꝫ ſkil
The meaner ſoꝛte that nowe excells in vertues of the minde,
Should not be once accepted there wher now they ſuccoꝛ find
Foꝛ gret men ſhould be ſpedde of al & wold haue nede of none
And he that were not boꝛne to land ſhould lacke to liue vpon
Theſe and fiue thouſand cauſes moe which I forbeare to tel,
The noble vertue of the mind haue cauſed there to dwell
Where none may haue acceſſe, but ſuch as can get in
Thꝛough many doble doꝛes, thꝛough heat, thꝛough cold, thꝛough (thick and thinne.

VVitte.

Suppoſe I would addreſſe my ſelfe to ſeke her out
And to refuſe no paine that lieth there about
Should I be ſuer to ſpede?

Nature.

Truſt me and haue no doubte,

Thou canſt not Chuſe but ſpede with trauell and with tyme
Theſe two are they that muſt dyrect thee how to clime
VVill.
With trauel and with time, muſt they neds ioyne in one?
Nature.
Nor that nor this can do the good, if they be toke alone.
VVitt.
Time worketh all with eaſe, and gyues the greateſt dynt
In tyme ſofte water dropes can hollowe hardeſt flynt
Agayne. with labor by it ſelfe, great matters compaſſe bee
Euen at a gyrde in very lyttel time or none wee ſee
Wherfore in my conceyte good reaſon it is
Eyther this with out that to loke, or that with out this.
Nature.
Set caſe thou dyddeſt attempte to clyme Pernaſus hill
Take tyme fiue hundreth thouſand yers & lōger if thou will
Troweſt thou to touch the top there of by ſtandyng ſtill
Agains, worke out thy harte and ſpend thy ſelfe with toyle
Take tyme with all or elles I dare aſſure the of the foyle
VVitte.
Madame, I truſt I haue your licence and your leaue
With your good will & ſo much helpe as you to me can gyue
Wyth further ayde alſo, when you ſhal ſpye your tyme.
To make a proffe to gine attempt this famouſe hil to clime
And now I here requeſt your bleſſyng and your prayer
For ſure before I ſlepe I will to yonder ſkyte repaire
Nature.
I bleſſe thee here with al ſuch gifts as nature can beſtow
And for thy ſake I would they were as many hundred moe
Take therwith all this childe, to wayte vpon the ſtil.
A ryde of myne ſome kinne to thee, his name is Wyll.
VVitte.
Welcome to me my will, what ſeruice canſt thou doe,
VVill.
All thinges forſooth, ſir when me liſte and more to.
VVitte.
But when wilt thou liſt, when I ſhall liſt I trowe
VVill.
Truſt not to that, paraduenture yea, paraduenture noe,

VVitte.

When I haue neede of thee thou wilt not ſerue me ſoe,

VVill.

If yée byd me runne, perhappes I will goe:

VVitte.

Cock ſoule this is a boye for the nonſe amongeſt twentie moe,

VVill.

I am plaine I tell you at a worde and a bloe.

VVitte.

Then muſt I pricke you childe if you be drowned in ſlouth

Nature.

Agrée you twayne for I muſt leaue you both,
Farewel my ſonne: farewel myne owne good Will,
Be ruled by Witte, and be obedient ſtill,
Forre the I cannot but as farre as lies in me,
I will helpe thy maſter to make a good ſeruant of thée
Farrewell. Exit

VVitte.

Adue Lady mother with thankes for al your peine
And now let me bethincke my ſelf againe & eke againe
To matche with Science is the thinge that I haue take in hande,
A matter of more weight I ſée, then I did underſtande
Will muſt be wonne to this, or els it will be hard
Will muſt goe breake the matter firſt, or els my gaine is marde,
Sir boye are you content to take ſuch parte for me
As god ſhall ſende, and helpe it forth as much as lyes in thee.

VVill.

Ye a Paytter by his woundes or els cut of his head.

VVitte.

Come then & let vs two deuiſe what trace were beſt to tredde,
Nature is on my ſyde and Will my boye is faſt,
There is no doubt I ſhall obtayne my loyes at laſt.

Exent

Act 2. ſcena. 1.

VVitte and VVill.

VVitte.

VVhat Will I ſay Willboye come againe ſoliche elſe

VVill

VVill.

I crye you mercy ſir you are a tall man your ſelfe.

VVitte.

Such a cobbrayne as thou art I neuer ſaw y like yett

VVill.

Truth in reſpect of you that are nothing els but Witt

VVitte.

Cãſt thou tel me thy erẽd becauſe thou art gone ſo ſone,

VVill.

Can I remember a longe tale of a man in the moone,
With ſuch a circumſtaunce and ſuch flym flam
I wyll tell at a worde whoſe ſeruante I am
Wherfore I come and what I haue to ſaye,
And cal for her aunſwere, before I come awaye
What ſhould I make a brode tre, of euery litell ſhrubbe,
And kepe her agreat whyle with a tale of a tubbe.

VVitte.

Yet thou muſt commend me to be rich, luſty pleaſaunt and wyſe.

VVill.

I can not commend you, but I muſt make twentie lies
Rich quoth you, that appeareth by the port that you kepe,
Euen as rich as a newe ſhorne ſheepe
Of pleaſaunt conceiptes ten buſſhells to the pecke,
Luſty like a herringe, with a bell about his necke,
Wyſe as a woodcocke: as brage as a bedlouſe,
A man of your handes, to matche with a mouſe:
How ſay you, are not theſe proper qualities to prayſe you with.

VVitte.

Leaue theſe mad toyes of thyne and come to the pythe
One part of the errande ſhould haue bene,
To giue her this picture of mine to be ſeene,
And to requeſt her the ſame to accepte
Safely vntill my comminge to be kepte,
Which I ſuſpende till thy returne and then
If it like her Ladyſhippe to appoint me where and when.
I will waite vpon her gladly out of hande.

VVill.

Sir let me alone your mynde I vnderſtand,
I will handle the matter ſo that you ſhall owe me thankes,

But what if ſhe finde fault with theſe ſpindle ſhankes
Or els with theſe blacke ſpottes on your noſe.

VVitte.

In ſayth ſir boye this talke deſerueth blowes.

VVill.

You will not miſuſe your beſt ſeruant I ſuppoſe
For by his nayles, and by his fingers toe.
I will marre your mariage if you do clitter.

VVitte.

I praye the goe thy wayes and leaue this clatter.

VVill.

Firſt ſhal I be ſo bold to breake to you a matter.

VVitte.

Tuſhe thou art diſpoſed to ſpende woꝛdes in waſt,
And yet thou knoweſt this buſines aſketh haſt

VVill.

But euen two woꝛdes, and then I am gon.

VVitte.

If it be woꝛth the hearing, ſay on.

VVill.

I would not haue you thinke that I for my part
From my promiſe oꝛ frō your ſeruice wil depart,
But yet now and then it goeth to my hart,
When I thinke how this mariage maye be to my (ſmart

VVitte.

Why ſo?

VVill.

I would tell you the cauſe if I durſt for ſhame.

VVitte.

Speke hardely what thou wilt without any blame.

VVill.

I am not diſpoſed as yet to be tame,
And therfoꝛe I am loth to be vnder a Dame,
Now you are a Bachiler a man may ſone win you
Me thinks there is ſome good felowſhippe in you,
We may laugh and be merye at boꝛd and at bedde,
You are not ſo teſty as thoſe that be wedde,
Mylde in behauioꝛ and loth to fall out,
You may runne, you may ryde ꝛoune coūd about,

Wilth

With wealth at your will and all thinge at eaſe,
Frée franke and luſty, eſpe to pleaſe,
But when you be clogged and tyed by the toe,
So faſte that you ſhal not haue power to let goe,
You will tell me another leſſon ſone after
And cry peccant to except your lacke be the better:
Then farewel goodfellowſhyp then come at a call
Then waite at an inche you idle knaues all,
Then ſparyng and pyrchinge and nothing of gift,
No talke with our maiſter, but al for his thrift,
Solemne and ſower and angry as a waſpe,
Althinges muſt be kept vnder locke and haſpe,
At that which will make me to fare ful ill.
All your care ſhalbe to hamper poore Will.

VVitte.

I warrant the for that take thou no thought,
Thou ſhalt be made of, whoſoeuer be ſet at nought
As dere to me, as myne owne dere brother,
Whoſoeuer be one, thou ſhalt be an other.

VVill

Yea but your wyfe wyl play the ſhrew, perdy it is ſhe that I feare

VVitte.

Thy meſſage wyll cauſe her ſome fauor to beare,
For my ſake and thy ſake and for her owne likewyſe
If thou vſe thy ſelfe diſcretly in this enterpryſe.

VVill.

She hath a father, a telly ſower old man,
I doubt leſt he and I, ſhall fall out nowe and than,

VVitte.

Gyue hym fayre woords, forbeare him for his age,
Thou muſt conſider hym to be auncient and ſage,
Shew thy ſelfe officious and ſeruiſable ſtil,
And then ſhall Reaſon make very muche of Will.

VVill.

If your wyfe be euer complayning, how then?

VVitte.

My wyfe wyll haue nothing to doe wyth my men.

VVill.

If ſhe doe, beleue her not in any wyſe.

And

And when you once perceyue her ſtomacke to aryſe,
Then cut her ſhort at the firſt and you ſhall ſee
A meruaylouſe vertue in that medicen to bee,
Giue her not the bridle for a yeare or twayne
And you ſhal ſee her bridle it without a reine,
Breake her betymes and bring her vnder by force
Or elles the graye Mare, will be the better horſe.

VVitte.

If thou haue done begone, and ſpende no time in vayne.

VVill.

Where ſhal I fynde you, when I come againe.

VVitte.

At home.

VVill.

God enough take your caſe let me alone with this
Surely a treaſure of all treaſures it is,
To ſerue ſuch a mayſter, as I hope him to bee,
And to haue ſuch a ſeruant as he hath of mee,
For I am quicke, nimbell, proper and nice,
He is ful good, gentle, ſober and wyſe,
He is full loth to chide or to checke,
And I am as willinge to ſerue at a becke,
He orders me well and ſpeakes me ſo fayre
That for his ſake no trauayle I muſt ſpare,
But now am I come to the gate of this Ladye,
I wyll pauſe awhyle to frame myne errante fynelye
And loe wher ſhe commeth yet will I not come nye her,
But amonge theſe fellowes wyl I ſtande to eye her.

Act. 2 ſena 2.

Reaſon, Experience, Science and VVill.

Science.

My Parentes ye knowe, howe many fall in lappes
That do aſcribe to me the cauſe of their miſhappes:
Howe many ſeeke that come to ſhort of their deſyre:
Howe many do attempt that dayly do retire:
Howe many roue about the marke on euery ſyde:
How many thinke to hit when they are much to wyde:
Howe many runne to farre how many light to lowe:
Howe fewe to good effecte, their trauayle do beſtowe,

And

And howe all theſe impute their loſſes vnto mee.
Should I haue ioye to thinke of mariage nowe trowe yée
What doth the worlde my loue alone ſay they
Is bought ſo dere that life and goodes for it muſt paye
Stronge youth muſt ſpende it ſelfe, and yet when al is done,
We here of fewe or none that haue this Lady wonne.
On me they make outcryes and charge me with the bloud
Of thoſe that for my ſake aduenture life and good
This griefe doth wound my hart ſo, ỳ ſuters more as yet
I ſe no cauſe nor reaſon why I ſhold admyt.

Reaſon.

Ah daughter ſay not ſo there is great cauſe and ſkill,
For which you ſhold miſlike to line vnmaried thus alone
What comfort can you haue remayning thus vnknowne
How ſhal the common wealth by you aduaunced be
If you abide encloſed here where no man may you ſée
It is not for your ſtate, your ſelfe to take the payne
All ſtraungers that reſort to you to entertayne
To ſuffer frée acceſſe of all that come and goe
To be at eche mannes cal to trauayle to and fro,
What thē, ſynce god hath plaſt ſuch treaſure in your breſt
Wherwith ſo many thouſand thinke by you to be refreſht
Nédes muſt you haue ſome one of hyd and ſecret truſt
By whom theſe things may be, well ordered and diſcuſſe:
To him you muſt diſcloſe the depth of all your thought
By him as time ſhall ſerue all matters muſt be wrought
To hym aboue you muſt content your ſelfe to be at call
Ye muſt be his, he muſt be yours, he muſt be al in all.

Experience.

My Lord your father telles you truth perdie
And that in time your ſelfe ſhall fynde and trye.

Science.

I could alledge more then as yet I haue ſayde,
But I muſt yelde, and you muſte be obayed
Fall oute as it will there is no helpe I ſée,
Some one or other in time muſt mary mée.

VVill.

In time nay out of hand, Madame if it pleaſe you,
In fayth I knowe a ponker that will eaſe you,

A lyuelye younge gentilman, as freſhe as any flower,
That wyll not ſticke to marye you within this bower.

Science.

Such haſte myght hapelye turne to wall to ſum.
But I pray thee my pretye boye whence art thou come.

VVill.

If it pleace youre good Ladyſhype to accepte me ſoo,
I haue a ſolemne meſſage to tel or I goe,
Not anye thynge in ſecrete your honour to ſtayne,
But in the preſence and hearinge of you twayne.

Reaſon.

Speake.

VVill.

The Lady of this worlde which Lady Nature hyght,
Hath one a peereles ſonne in whom ſhe taketh delyght,
On hym ſhe chargeth man to be attendant ſtyll,
Both kynde to her, hys name is Wittie, my name is Will,
The noble chyld doth feele the force of cuppdes flame
And ſendeth now for eaſe by counſel of hys dame,
Hys mother taught hym ſtyll to loue whyle he was younge
Which loue w̄ age encreaſeth ſore and wareth wondrous ſtronge
For verye fame diſplayes youre bountye more and more,
And at thys pynch he burneth ſo as neuer heretofore
Not fanteſes force, not vayne and Idle topes of loue,
Not hope of that whych commenlye doth other ſuiters moue,
But fired faſt good wyll that neuer ſhall relent,
And vertues force ẏ ſhines in you bade him gene this attempte,
He hath no neade of wealth, he wooes not for youre good,
His kynred is ſuch he nede not to ſeke to match with noble blood,
Such ſtore of kyndes that where he leſt he may commaunde,
And none ſo hardy to preſume hys pleaſure to withſtand,
Youre ſelf it is, your vertue and youre grace,
Youre noble giftes youre endles prayes in euery place,
You alone I ſaye the marke that he would hit,
The hoped ſoye the deareſt pray that can befale to witte,

Experience.

I haue not harde a meſſage more frymlee done,

Scince.

Nor I, what age art thou of my good ſonne,

Wel wene,

VVill.

Betweene eleuen and xii, Madame more or leſſe.

Reaſon.

He hath bene inſtructed this errand as I geſſe.

Science,

How old is the gentilman thy maiſter canſt thou tell?

VVill.

Seuentene or there aboute I wote not verye well.

Science.

What ſtature of what making what kynde of port beares he

VVill.

Such as youre Ladyſhipe can not myſlike truſt me.
Well growen, wel made, a ſtripling clean and taule,
Wel fauored, ſomwhat black and manlye therewithal,
And that you may conceaue hys perſonage the better,
Lo heare of hym the vearye ſhape and liuely picture,
Thys hath he ſente to you to vieive and to behoulde,
I dare auouch no Joynt therin no Jote to be controulde,

Science.

In good fayth I thancke thy maiſter with my hart,
I perceyue that nature in him, hath done her part.

VVill.

Farther, if it pleaſe your honour to knowe:
My maiſter would be glad to runne ryde or goe,
At your commaundment to any place farre or neere,
To haue but a ſight of your Ladyſhippe there,
I beſeech you appoint him the place and the howre,
You ſhal ſe how redyly to you he will ſcoure.

Reaſon.

Do ſoe.

Experience.

Ye in any wiſe daugher, for heere you mee,
He ſemeth a right worthy and tryimme younge man to bee.

Science.

Commend me then to Willte, and let him vnderſtande,
That I accept with all my hart this preſent at his hande,
And that I would be glad, when he doth ſee his tyme,
To heare and ſe him face to face, within this houſe of myne
Then maye he breake his mind and talke with me his fyll,

Tyll then adew both bee and thou myn owne ſwete little Will.

Exent ſcience, Reaſon Experience.

Act 2. ſena 3.

Ah flattering Queene, how neatly ſhe can talke
How minionly ſhe tryps, how ſadlye ſhe can walke
Well wanton yet beware that ye be ſound and ſure,
Fayre wordes are wont oft times, fayre women to allure,
Nowe muſt I get me home and make repoꝛt of this:
To him that thinkes it longe, till my returne I wys.

Act 3 ſena 1.

VVitte and VVill.

VVitte.

Sayſt thou me ſo boye, will ſhe haue me in deede

VVill.

Be of good cheere ſir I warrant you to ſpede

VVitte.

Did both her parentes ſpeake wel to her of mee.

VVill.

As hart can thinke go on and you ſhall ſee,

VVitte.

How toke ſhe the picture, how lyketh ſhé my perſon.

VVill.

She neuer had done toting and loking theron.

VVitte.

And muſt I come to talke with her my ſpil.

VVill.

When ſoeuer you pleaſe, and as oft as you will.

VVitte.

O my ſweat boy, how ſhall I recompence,
Thy faythfull hart and painfull diligence,
My hope, my ſtay, my wealth, the kaye of al my ioye.

VVill.

I praye you ſir call me your man, and not your boy,

VVitte.

Thou ſhalt be what thou wilt all in all.

VVill.

Promiſe me faythfully that if your wyfe brall
Or ſet her father to checke me out of meaſure,

You

You will not ſe me abuſed to their pleaſure

VVitte.

Giue me thy hande take here my fayth and troth,
I will maintayne thee, how ſoeuer the woꝛld goeth.

Act 3 ſcena 1.

VVitte.

What ſhall we doe? ſhall we ſtande lingring here?

VVill.

If you be a man preaſſe in, and go neare.

VVitte.

What if there be ſome other later there.

VVill.

And if there be, yet nede you not to feare,
Vntill I bꝛinge his head to you, vpon a ſpeare.
I will not loke you in the face, noꝛ in your ſyght appeare.

Reaſon.

Nay Witte, aduiſe your ſelfe and pauſe a while,
Oꝛ els this haſt of yours will you beguile.

Science.

No haſt but good, take tyme and learne to fyghte,
Learne to aſſeult, learne to defende a ryght:
Your matche is monſtrous to behoulde and full of might,
Whom you muſt vanquiſh, not by foꝛce but by ſlyght:

VVitte.

Madame ſtande to your pꝛomyſe if I wynne I am ſped,
Am I not?

Science.

Yea truly.

VVill.

Good enough, if we fyght not I would we weare dead,
No man ſhal ſtay vs, that beꝛes a head.

Experience.

Young man a woꝛd oꝛ twayne, and then adue.
Your peares are few your pꝛactiſe grene and newe,
Marke what I ſaye, and ye ſhal fynde it true:
You are the fiꝛſt that ſhall this raſhnes rue,
Be ruled here, our counſell do thereafter,
Lay good ground, your woꝛke ſhal be the ſafter:
This hedlong haſt, may ſoner miſſe then hit,

Take hede both of Wittes wyll, and wilfull wit,
We haue within a gentilman our retayner and our friend,
With ſeruauntes twayne that do on him attende,
Inſtruction, Studie, Diligence theſe thrée,
At your commaundement in this attempt ſhalbe,
Here them in ſtede of vs, and as they ſhall deuyſe,
So hardely caſt our cardes in this enterpryſe
I will ſend them to you, and leaue you for now.

VVitte.

The more company the merier, boy what ſaiſt thou?

VVill.

It is a good faulte to haue more then enowe,
I care not, ſo as we may pul the knaues downe,
I would we were at it, I paſſe not how ſone.

VVitte.

If it ſhal pleaſe you to ſend thoſe thrée hyther,
We wyll follow your counſell and go together.

VVill.

I warrant her a ſhrewe whoſoeuer be an other,
God make the daughter good, I like not the mother,

Reaſon.

Yet would not I for no good to haue forgone her.

VVill.

Mary ſir in déede ſhe talkes and takes on her:
Lyke a Dame, nay like a Dutches or a quéene:
Wyth ſuch a ſolemnitie as I haue not ſeene.

Reaſon.

She is a quéene I tell thee in her degrée,

VVill.

Let her be what ſhe liſt, wyth a vengaunce for me:
I will kéepe me out of her reach if I can.

Reaſon.

If this mariage goe forward, thou muſt be her man.

VVill.

Mariage or mariage not, be ſhrewe me than,
I haue but one maiſter, and I will ſerue no moe,
And if he anger me, I will forſake him to.

Reaſon.

She ſhal not hurt the vnleſſe her cauſe be better.

VVill.

By the layth of my bodye ſir, I intend not to truſt her.

Reaſon.

Whye.

VVill.

Take me this woman that talkes ſo roundly,
That be ſo wyſe, that reaſon ſo ſoundly:
That loke ſo narrow, that ſpeake ſo ſhyrll:
Their wordes are not ſo curſt, but their dædes are as ill.

Reaſon.

It is but thy fanſy, I ſée no ſuch thing in her.

VVill.

Perhappes you had neuer occaſion to try her.

Reaſon.

That were great maruayle in ſo many yeares.

VVill.

She hath wonne the maſtery of you it appeares.

VVitte.

Well quiet your ſelfe thou ſhalt take no wronge,
Me thinke oure thrée companions tary very longe.

Act 3 ſcena 3.

Inſtruction, Studie, Diligence, Reaſon, VVitte, VVill.

Inſtruction.

Sir we are come to know your pleaſure.

Reaſon.

You are come in good tyme, Inſtruction our treaſure,
This Gentilman craueth your acquaintaunce & ayde.
What you may do for him let him not be denayde.

VVitte.

Welcome good fellowes, wyll ye dwell wyth me.

Diligence.

If all partes be pleaſed, content are we.

VVitte.

Wellcome Inſtruction wyth al my hart.

VVill.

What thrée newe ſeruaunts, then farewell my part.

Inſtruction.

I hartely thanke you, and loke what I can doe,
It ſhalbe alwayes redye to pleaſure you.

Reaſon.

Conſider and talke together with theſe,
And you ſhall fynd in your trauayle great ea.
Take here of me before I take my leaue,
This glaſſe of Chriſtal cleare which I you geaue
Accept it and reſerue it for my ſake moſt ſure,
Much good to you in time it may procure,
Beholde your ſelfe therin, and view and prye,
Marke what defectes it wil diſcouer and diſcrye,
And ſo wyth iudgement rype, and curioſe eye,
What is a myſſe indeuor to ſupplye,
Farewell.

VVitte.

Farewell to you, right honourable ſyr:
And commend me to my loue my hartes deſyre,
Let her thinke on me when ſhe ſees me not and wyſhe me wel.

VVill.

Fare wel mayſter Reaſon, thincke vpon vs, when you ſée vs not,
And in any wyſe, let not Will be forgot.

VVitte.

Synce I muſt take aduiſe and counſell of you thrée,
I muſt entreat you all, to dwell in houſe wyth me,
And loke what order you ſhall preſcribe as néedefull,
To kepe the ſame you ſhall fynd me as héedefull:
Come,

Inſtruction.

Come,

VVill.

Goe.

Act 4. ſcena 1.

VVitte, VVill, Inſtruction, Studie, Diligence.

VVill.

Tuſhe tuſhe Inſtruction, your talke is of no force,
You tell vs a tale of a roſted horſe,
Whych by hys woundes except we ſet to it,
As faſt as we make, this fellowes wyll vndo it,
Their talke is nothing but ſoft and fayre and tary,
If you follow their counſell you ſhall neuer mary.

In-

Inſtruction.

To followe our counſayle youre charge and promys was,

VVitte

I would I had neuer knowen you by the maſſe.
Muſte I looke ſo longe and ſpend my lyfe wyth toyle
Naye ſure, I will eyther wynne it, or take the foyle.

Studye.

The ſurer is your grounde, the better you ſhall beare it.

VVill.

Ground vs no ground, let him winne it and weare it.

Inſtruction.

Good ſir be ruled and leaue this peuiſh elfe.

VVitte.

I had euen as leaſe ye bad me hange my ſelfe,
Leaue him: no no I would you all knewe,
You be but lopterers to him, my Will telles me true,
I could be cõtent with a weke, yea a month or twaine,
But 3. or 4. yeares, mary that were a payne,
So longe to kepe me, and lye like a hogge.

VVill.

A life wythall my hart I would not wyche a dogge.

VVitte.

Wyll a weke ſerue.

Studie. Noo.

VVitte

A monthe.

Studie.

Neyther.

VVitte.

Noo.

Studie.

Not ſo.

Inſtruction.

No nor ſo many moe.

VVitte.

Then farewell all for as I hope to thriue,
I wyll proue him or I ſleape, if I be aliue,
And if ye be mine and good fellowes all thre,
Goe thyther, out of hand and take your chaunce wyth mee.

Inſtruction.

For my part, I know I can do you no good.

VVill.

You are a proper man of your handes by the Rode,
Yet welfare hym that neuer his maiſter forſaketh.

VVitte.

What ſayſt thou Studie.

Studie.

My head aketh.

VVitte.

Out vpon the coward: ſpeake Diligence,
Againſt Inſtructions mynd, I am lothe to go hence,
Yet I will make one, rather then you ſhould lacke.

VVitte.

Perhappes we may fynd them at this time in bedde.

VVill.

So much the rather loke you to be ſped,
Care for no more, but once to come within her,
And when you haue done: then let another win her.

VVitte.

To come within her child, what meanſt thou by that.

VVill.

One maſſe for a penye, you know what is what.

VVitte.

Hard you euer ſuch a counſell of ſuch a Jacke ſprot.

VVill.

Why ſir do ye thinke to doe any good,
If ye ſtande in a corner like Roben hood,
Nay you muſt ſtoute it, and face it out with the beſt.
Set on a good countenaūce, make the moſt of the leſt,
Who ſoeuer ſkippe in, loke to your part,
And whyle you liue beware of a falſe hart.

VVitte.

Both blame and ſhame, raſhe boldnes doth breede.

VVill.

You muſt aduenture both, ſpare to ſpeake, ſpare to ſpeede,
What tell you me of ſhame, it is ſhame to ſteale a horſe.

VVitte.

More haſt then good ſpeede, makes many fare the worſe.

Will.

But he that takes not ſuch time while he maye,
Shal leape at a whyting when time is a waye.

VVitte.

But he that leapes before he loke, good ſonne,
Maye leape in the myre, and myſſe when he hath done.

Science.

Me thinke I heare the voyce of Will, VVittes boye.

VVitte.

I ſée her come, her ſorow and my Joye,
My ſalue, and yet my ſore, my comfort, and my care,
The cauſer of my wound, and yet the wil of my welfare:
O happye wight, that haue the ſaynte of your requeſt,
O hoples hope that holdeth me frō ỹ which likes me beſt,
Twixte hope and feare I ſtande, to marre or els to make,
This day to be relieued quit, or els my death woūd to take.

Reaſon.

Here let vs reſt a whyle and pauſe all thrée:

Experience.

Daughter ſit downe, belike this ſame is hée.

Will.

Be of good chere ſir be ruled by me
Women are beſt pleaſed, tyll they be vſed homely,
Loke her in the face and tell your tale ſtoutely.

VVitte.

O pearle of paſſing pryſe, ſent downe from god on hye,
The ſweteſt beauty to entiſe that hath bene ſene with eye:
The wel of wealth to all, that no man doth annoye:
The kaye of Kingedomes & the ſeale of euerlaſting ioye,
The treaſure and the ſtore, whom al good things began,
The nurſe of Lady wyſedoms lore, the lincke of mā & mā.
What wordes ſhal me ſuffice, to vtter my deſyre,
What heate of talke ſhal I deuiſe, for to eppreſſe my fyer
I burne and yet I freéſe, I flame and coole as faſt,
In hope to wyn and for to léeſe my penſiuenes doth laſt,
Why ſhould my dulled ſpryte, apal my courage ſo.
O ſalue my ſore, or ſlée me quite, by ſaying yea, or no,
You are the marke at whome, I ſhot to hit or miſſe,
My life it ſtayes on you alone, to you my ſute it is,

Amate

Amitie not much vnmete wyth you ſome griefe to fynde,
Dame Natures ſonne, my name is Witte ẏ fancieth you by kind,
And here I come this day, to wayte and to attende
In hope to haue my hoped pray, or elles my life to ende.

Science.

Good cauſe there is wherfore I ſhould embrace,
This louing hart whyche you haue borne to me
And glad I am that we be both in place,
Ech one of vs eche others lookes to ſee,
Your picture and your perſon doth agree,
Your princelike port and ecke your noble face,
Wherin ſo many ſygnes of vertue be:
That I muſt nedes be moued in your caſe:

Reaſon.

Friend Witte: are you the man in dede whych you inted,
Can you be well content vntill your life doth ende,
To ioyne and knit moſt ſure with this my daughter here,
And vnto her alone your fixed fayth to beare.

VVitte.

As I am bente to this ſo let my ſuite be ſped,
If I do fayle ten Thouſãde plagues & more, lighte on my

Experience. head.

There are that promiſe fayre, and meane as well,
As any heare can thinke, or tongue can tell,
Which at the firſt are hot, and kindle in deſyre,
But in one month or twayne, quit quenched is the fyre.
Such is the trade of youth whome famies force doth leade,
Whoſe loue is only at the plonge & cannot longe procede.

VVitte.

Credit my wordes, and ye ſhall find me true.

Experience.

Suppoſe you kepe not touch, who ſhuld this bargaine rue.

VVitte.

I will be ſworne here ſolemnly before you both.

Experience.

Who breaketh promiſe, wil not ſticke likewyſe to breake

VVitte. his othe.

I wyll be bound in all that euer I can make.

Expe-

Experience.

What good were that to vs if we had vantage take.

VVitte.

Wyll neyther promyse serue: nor othe nor bandes,
What other assurannce wyll ye aske at my handes.

VVill.

My maister is a gentilman. I tell you and his word,
I would you knewe it shall with his deedes accord.

Reason.

We know not whom to trust, the world is so ill.

VVill.

In dede sir as you say you may mend when ye wyll,
But in good earnest Madam, speake of or on,
Shal we speede at your hand, or shall we begone,
I loue not this delayes, say so if we shall haue you,
If not, say no, and let another craue you.

VVitte.

Soft and fayre sir boye, you talke you wot not what.

VVill.

Can you abyde to be driuen of wyth this and that,
Can they aske any more then good assurance at your hands.

Experience.

All is now to little sonne, as the matter standes,

VVill.

If al be to litle both goodes and landes,
I know not what will please you, except Marbyes bandes
I haue an enemy, my frend Witte a mortal foe to me,
And therwithall the greatest plague that can befall to the.

VVitte.

Shall I fyght wyth him,

Reason.

Can you fyght if néede be.

VVill.

If any such thing fall, count the charge to me,
Trouble not your selfe.

VVitte.

Hould thy peace elfe.

Science.

Here out my tale, I haue a mortall foe:

That lurketh in the woode, hearby as you come and goe,
This monstrous Giant, beares a grudge to me and mine,
And wyll attempt to kepe thee backe, from this desier of thine.
The bane of youth, the rote of ruine and desires:
Devouring those that sue to me, his name is Tediousnes.
No sooner he espyes, the noble Witte beginne:
To fyght and payne it selfe the loue of me to winne.
But forth he steppes and with strong hands by might and maine:
He beates and buffettes downe, the force and liuelynes of braine.
That done in deepe dispayre, he drownes him villanously,
Ten thousand saters in a yere, are cast away therby.
Now if your mind be surelye fixed soe,
That for no toyle nor cost, my loue you will forgoe.
Bethinke you well, and of this monster take good heede,
Then may you haue with me, the greater hope to speede.
Herein vse good aduise, to make you strong and stout,
To send and kepe him of a whyle, vntill his rage be out.
Then when you feele your selfe, well able to prevayle:
Byd you the battell, and that so couragiously assayle.
If you can wyn the field, present me wyth his head,
I aske no more and I forthwith, shall be your owne to bedde.

VVitte.

Al might I thriue, and lacke that likes me best,
If I be not a scourge to him, that breedes your vnrest.
Madam assure your selfe, he lyues not in the land,
With whom I would not in your cause, encounter hand to hand.
And as for Tediousnes that wretch, your common foe,
Let mee alone, we twayne shall rope before I sleape I troe.

VVill.

Luckely spoken, let me clawe thee by the backe:
Howe say you now sir, here are three against twayne,

Studye.

So that go lick, I will at home remayne,
I haue more neede to take a nappe in my bedde.

VVill,

Do soe and here you couche a coddes head.

Instruction.

Well since it wyl none other wyse frame,
Let vs twayne Studie, & retourn from whens we came.

Studye

Studie,

Agreed. Exit.

VVitte.

And let vs three hertyze our ſelues like men.
Unlikely thinges are bzought to paſſe, by courage now and then.
My will be alwayes pzeſt, and ready at an ynche.
To ſaue thy ſelfe to ſuccouz me, to helpe at euery pinche.
Both twayne on eyther ſyde, aſſaulte him if ye can,
And you ſhal ſée me in the middes, howe I will play the man,
Thys is the deadly denne, as farre as I perceaue,
Approche we neere and valiantly let vs the vnſet geue.
Come forth thou monſter fell, in drowſy darkenes hyde.
For here is vvitte Dame Natures ſonne, ỹ doth thee battaile bid.

Act 4. ſcena 2.

Tediouſnes, VVitte, VVill, Diligence.

Tediouſnes.

What pzyncor haue we heere, that dares me to aſſayle,
Alas poze boy, and wineſt thou, againſt me to pzeuaile.
Full ſmal was he thy frend, whoeuer ſent the hyther,
For I muſt dziue the backe with ſhame, oz ſlay thee altogether.

VVitte.

Great boſt ſmall roſt, I warrant thee do thy beſt,
Thy head muſt ſerue my tourne, this day to ſet my hart at reſt.

VVill.

And I muſt haue a legge of the, if I can catche it.

Tediouſnes. Fight, ſtrike at vvill.

Firſt I muſt quiſe this bzayne of thine, if I can reach it.

VVitte.

Well ſhifted VVill, now haue at thee ſir knaue.

Tediouſnes.

Theſe friſcoles ſhal not ſerue your tourne foz al your vauntes ſo
Hoh hoh, did I not tell thee thou camſt to thy payne. (bzaue

Diligence.

Helpe, helpe, helpe, our maiſter is ſlaine.

VVill.

Helpe, helpe, helpe &c.

Tediouſnes.

Where are theſe luſtie bloudes, that make their matche with mee?
Here lyes a pattozne foz them all, to loke at and to ſée.

To teach them to conſpire againſt my force and might.
To promiſe for their womans loue, to vanquiſhe me in fight:
Nowe let them goe and crake, howe wiſelye they haue ſped,
Such is the end of thoſe, that ſeke this curious Dame to wed.
Hoh hoh hoh. Act 4. ſcena 3.

VVill. Recreation, VVitte.

VVill. Rub and chafe him.
For goddes loue haſt, ſee loe where he doth lye.

Recreation.

He is not cold, I warrant him, I.

Singe.

Giue a legge, geue an arme, aryſe, aryſe,
Hould vp thy head, lift vs thy eyes,
1 A legge to ſtand vp right,
2 An arme to fyght a mayne,
1 The head to hould thy braynes in plight,
2 The eyes to loke againe.
Awake ye drowned powers.
Ye ſpirites for dull wyth toyle:
Reſyne to me this care of yours,
And from dead ſleape recoyle.
Thinke not vpon your lothſome lucke;
But ariſe and daunce with vs a plucke.

Both ſing giue a legge, as is before.

2 What thoughe thou haſt not hit,
The toppe of thy deſyre,
Tyme is not ſoe farre ſpente as yit
To cauſe the to retyre,
Aryſe and eaſe thy ſelf of payne,
And make thee ſtronge to fight againe,

Singe bothe.

Let not thy foes reioyſe,
Let not thy frendes lament,
Let not thy Ladies rufull voice,
In ſobbes and ſighes be ſpent,
Thy fayth is plight forget it not,
Twixt her and the to knit the knot.

Singe.

Giue a legge &c.

This is no deadly wounde,
It may be cured well.
Se here what Phisicke we haue found,
Thy sorowes to expell.

¶ VVitte lyfting himselfe vp, sitting on the grounde

The way is plaine, the marcke is kayre,
Lodge not thy selfe in deepe despaire.

VVill.

What noise is this that ringeth in my eares,
Her noyse that greueth my mychap with teares,
Ah my mishap my desperate mishap,
In whom ill fortune poureth downe, all mishap at a clappe,
What shall become of me, where shal I hyde my head?
Oh what a death is it to liue for him that would be dead?
But since it chanceth so, what euer wyght thou be,
That kyndeth me here, in heauy plight, goe tel her this from mée.
Causles I perishe here, and cause to curse I haue.
The time that erst I lyued to loue, and now must die her slaue,
The matche was ouer much for me, she vnderstode,
Alas why hath she this delite, to lap in giltles blode.
How did I giue her cause to shewe me this despyght,
To matche me wher she wist full wel, I should be slaine in fight.
But go and tell her playne, although to late for me,
Accursed be the time and bower, which first I did her sée.
Accursed be the wyght, that wilde me first thereto,
And cursed be they all at once, that had therwith to doe.
Nowe get the hence in hast, and suffer me to die.
Whom scornfull chaunce & lawles loue, haue slaine most trayte-(rously

Recreation.

O noble Witte the miracle of God, and eke of Nature:
Why curssest thou thy selfe, and euery other creature.
What causeth the thine innocent deare Lady to accuse?
Who would lament it more then she, to here this wofull newes.
Why wylt thou dye, wheras thou mayst be sure of health?
Wheras thou séeth a playne path waye, to worst, ip and to wealth.
Not euery foyle doth make a fal, nor euery foyle doth slaye,
Comfort thy selfe be sure thy lucke, wyll mend from day to daye.

VVill.

This gentil newes of good Will, are come to make you sound,

They know which way to ſaue your ſore, and how to cure your
God ſir be ruled by her then, and pluck your ſpirite to you: (would
There is no doubt, but you ſhall find, your louing lady true.

VVitte.

Ah Will art thou alyue, that doth my hart ſome eaſe,
The ſight of the ſweete boy, my ſorowes doth appeace:
How haſt thou ſcapte, what fortune the befell?

VVill.

It was no truſting to my handes, my héeles did ſerue me wel
I ran with open mouth, to crye for helpe amayne,
And as good fortune would, I hit vpon theſe twayne.

VVitte.

I thanke both thee and them, what will ye haue me do.

Recreation.

To ryſe and daunce a litle ſpace with vs two?

VVitte.

What then.

Recreation.

That done, repayre againe to Studie and Inſtruction,
Take better hould by their aduiſe, your foe to ſet vpon.

VVitte.

Can any recompence recouer this my fall?

Recreation

My life to yours it may be mended all.

VVitte.

Speake Will.

VVill.

I haue no doubt ſir it ſhalbe as you would wiſhe.

VVitte.

But yet this repulſe of myne, they will lay in my diſhe.

Recreation.

No man ſhall let them know therof, vnleſſe your ſelfe do it.

VVitte.

On that condicion a gods name, fall we to it.

VVill.

Nay ſtande we to it, and let vs fall no more.

VVitte.

Will daunſing ſerue, and I will daunce vntil my bones be ſore,
Pype vs vp a Gallard mynſtrel, to begynne,

Will

Let vvill call for daunces, one after an other,

VVill.

Come Damſell in good fayth and let me haue you in,
Let him practiſe in daunſing al things to make himſelfe brethles.

Recreation.

Enough at once, now leaue, and let vs part.

VVitte.

This exercíſe hath done me good, euen to the very hart.
Let vs be bould with you more acquaintaunce to take
And daunce a round, yet once more for my ſake,
Enough is enoughe, farewel, and at your nede:
Vſe my acquaintaunce if it may ſtande you in ſtede.
Right worthy Damſels both, I knowe you ſeke no gaynes,
In recompence of this deſert your vndeſerued paynes.
But loke what other thinge my ſeruice maye deuiſe,
To ſhewe my thankefull harte in any enterpriſe.
Be ye as bolde therwyth, as I am bold on you,
And thus wyth hartye thankes, I take my leaue as nowe.

Recreation.

Farewell frend Witte, and ſince you are relieued,
Thynke not vpon your foyle, whereat you were ſo grieued.
But take your hart to you, and giue attempte once more:
I warrant you to ſpede, much better then before.

Act 4. ſcena 4.

VVitte, VVill, Idlenes, Ignoraunce.

VVitte.

One daunce for the and mee, my boye come on.

VVill.

Daunce you ſir if you pleaſe, and I wil loke vpon.

VVitte.

This geare doth make me ſweate, and breath a pace.

Idlenes.

Sit eaſe your ſelfe a whyle, heare is a reſtinge place.

VVitte.

Home Will and make my bedde, for I will take a nappe.

Ignoraunce.

Sure and it pleaſe youre maſterſhip here in my Dames lap.

Idlenes

Idlenes ſyngeth.

Come come lye doune and thou ſhalte ſee,
Non lyke to mee to entertayne,
Thye bones and thee oppreſt wyth payne,
Come come and eaſe thee in my lappe,
And yf it pleace thee take a nappe,
A nappe that ſhall delight thee ſoo,
That fancies all wyll thee forgoe,
Bye muſinge ſtyll what canſt thou fynde,
But wantes of wyll and reſtles mynde,
A mynde that marres and mangles all,
And breadeth iarres to worke thy falle,
Come gentle Witte I thee requyre,
And thou ſhalt hytt thy chiefe deſyre,
Thy chiefe deſire thy hooped prayse,
Fyrſte eaſe thee here and then away,

VVitte. (Falle doune in to her lapp.)

My bones are ſtyff and I am wearyed ſore,
And ſtill me thynck I faynte and feble moore and moore,
Wake mee agayne in tyme for I haue thinges to doe,
And as you wyll mee for myne eaſe, I doe allent thereto,

Idlenes. (Lul hym.)

Welcome wyth all my harte: Syr boye houlde here thys fan,
And ſoftly coole his face ſlepe ſowndly gentleman,
Thys chayer is chared well now ignorannce my ſonne,
Thou ſeeſt all this howe fittlye it isdone,
But wotſte thou whye?

Ignoraunce.

Nay bumfaye mother not I,
Well I wotte tis agaye whorchit tricke and tryme,
Thoulde reiounce my harte to chaunce cootes with hym,

Idlenes.

Doſte thou remember how many I haue ſerued in the like ſorte,

Ignoraunce.

It doth my hart good to thyncke on this ſporte

Idlenes.

Wylte thou ſee thys proper fellowe ſerued ſoe,

Ignoraunce

Thoulde gene twaye pence to ſee it and tway pence moore,

Idlenes

Idlenes.

Come of then, let me ſée thee in thy doublet and thy hoſe.

Ignorance.

Pou ſhall ſée a taule fellow mother, I ſuppoſe,

Idlenes.

Helpe of with this ſleue ſoftly, for feare of waking,
Wee ſhal leaue the gentilman, in a prette takinge.
Giue me thy Cote, hold this in thy hand:
This fellowe would be maried to Science I vnderſtãd.
But or we leaue him, tell me an other tale:
Now let vs make him loke, ſome what ſtale.
There laye and there bée, the prouerbe is verified,
I am neither idle, nor yet wel occupied.

Ignorance.

Mother muſt I haue his Cote, now mother muſt?
Chal be a liuely lad, with hey tickye tocky.

Idlenes.

Sleape ſound and haue no care, to occupie thy head,
As neare vnto thy body now, as if thou hadſt ben dead.
For Idelnes hath wonne, and wholly the poſſeſt,
And vtterly diſhabled thee, from hauing thy requeſt.
Come on with me my ſonne let vs goe coutche againe,
And let this lufty ruffling Witte, here like a ſole remayne.

Act. 5 ſena 1.

VVitte, Science, Reaſon.

VVitte.

Vp and to goe, why ſleape I here ſo ſound:
How fals it out that I am left vpon the naked ground.
God graunt that all be well, whyleſt I lye dreaming here:
Me thinckes all is not as it was, nor as I would it were,
And yet I wot not why, but ſo my fancies giues mee.
That ſome one thinge or other, is my tryer that grenes mée.
That are but fancies let them goe, to Science now will I,
My ſute and buſines yet once againe, to labor and aplye.

Science.

What is become trow yée, of Witte, our ſpouſe that would be:

Reaſon.

Daughter I feare all is not, as it ſhould ſée.

VVitte.

Yes yes haue ye no doubt, all is and shalbe well:

Reason.

What one art thou? therof howe canst thou tell.

VVitte.

Reason most noble sir, and you my Lady deare:
How haue you done in all this time, since first I sawe you here?

Science.

The fole is mad I wene, stand backe and touch me not.

VVitte.

You speake not as you thinke, or haue you me forgot,

Science.

I neuer saw thee in my life, vntil this time I wotte,
Thou art some mad brayne, or some fole, or some disguised Scot.

VVitte.

Gods fithe hostes and knowe you not mee.

Science.

I had bene well at ease in deede, to be acquainted wyth thee.

VVitte,

Hope halidaye, mary this is prety cheere,
I haue lost my selfe, I can not tell where
An olde sayd sawe it is, and to true I finde,
Sone hot, sone cold, out of sight, out of mind.
What maddam, what meaneth this sodaine change,
What meanes this sorrefull loke, this countenāce so straunge.
It is your fashion so to vse, your louers at the furst:
Or haue all women this delite, to scould and to be curst.

Reason.

Good felow whence art thou, what is thy name?

VVitte.

I wene ye are disposed to make at me some game.
I am the sonne of Lady Nature, my name is Witte.

Reason.

Thou shalt say soe longe enough, or we beleue it.

Science.

Thou Witte? nay thou art some madde brayne out of thy wit.

VVitte.

Unto your selues, this trial I remit.
Loke on me better, and marke my personne well,

Scene.

Science.

Thy loke is like to one, that came out of hell:

Reaſon.

If thou be Witte, let ſée, what tokens thou canſt tell.
How comſt thou firſt acquainted here? what ſayd wée?
How did we like thy ſute, what intertaynment made wée?

VVitte. What tokens?

Science.

Yea what tokens? ſpeake and let vs know?

VVitte.

Tokens good ſoth I can reherſe a rowe.
Firſt as I was aduiſed, by my mother Nature:
Thy lackey Will, preſented you with my picture.

Science.

Stay there: now loke how theſe two faces agrée:

VVitte.

This is the very ſame that you receyued from mée.

Science.

From thée? why loke, they are no more like:
Then chalke to cheeſe, then blacke to white.

Reaſon.

To put thee out of doubt, if thou thinke we ſaye not true,
It weare good for thee, in a glaſſe thy face to viewe.

VVitte.

Well remembred, and a glaſſe I haue in deede,
Whych glaſſe you gaue me, to vſe at neede.

Reaſon.

Haſt thou the glaſſe, which I to Witte did gyue.

VVitte.

I haue it in my purſe, and will kepe it whyle I lyue.

Reaſon

Theſe markes me muſe, howe ſhould he come therby:

VVitte.

Sir muſe no more for it is euen I.
To whome you gaue the glaſſe, and here it is.

Reaſon.

Wee are content thou trye thy caſe by this.

VVitte.

Eyther my glaſſe is wonderfully ſpotted,

Or els my face is wonderfully blotted.
This is not my Cote, why wher had I this wéede,
By the Maſſe I loke like a very fole in déede.
O heapes of happes, O rufull chaunce to me,
O Idlenes woo worth the time, that I was ruled by thee.
Why did I lay my head, within thy lappe to reſt?
Why was I not aduiſed by her, that wiſht and wil me beſt.
O ten times troble bleſſed wights, whoſe corpes in graue do lye:
That are not driuen to behould, theſe wretched cares which die.
On me your furies all on me, haue poured out your ſpite,
Come nowe and ſlay me at the laſt, and ridde my ſorowes quite.
What coaſt ſhall me receyue, wher ſhal I ſhew my head:
The world wyll ſaye this ſame is hée, that if he liſt had ſped.
This ſame is he that toke, an enterpryſe in hand,
This ſame is hee that ſcarce one blow, his ennemy did withſtand.
This ſame is he that fought, and fell in open field:
This ſame is he that in the ſonge, of Idlenes did yelde.
This ſame is he that was in way, to winne the game:
To ſoyne himſelfe wherby he ſhould haue won immortal fame.
And now is wrapt in woe, and buried in diſpayre,
O happye cace for the if death would rid the quite of care.

Act. 5 ſcena. 2.

Shame, Reaſon, Science, VVitte.

Reaſon.

Shame.

Shame.

Who calls for ſhame?

Reaſon.

Here is a marchant Shame, for thee to tame.

Shame.

A ſhame come to you all, for I am almoſt lame,
Wyth trudging vp and downe, to them that loſe their game.

Reaſon.

And here is one whom thou muſt rightly blame,
That hath preferde his folly to his fame.

Shame.

Who? this good fellowe, what call you his name?

Reaſon.

Witte: that on woing, to Lady Science came.

Shame.

Shame.

Come aloft child let me ſée, what friſcoles you can fet,

Reaſon.

He hath deſerued it, let him be well bet.

VVitte.

O ſpare mee wyth the whippe and ſley mée with thy knife:
Ten thouſand times more deare to mée, were preſent death then (lyfe

Shame.

Naye naye my frend, thou ſhalt not die as yet.

Reaſon.

Remember in what caſe, Dame Nature left thee Witte,
And how thou haſt abuſed the ſame.
Thou haſt deceaued all our hope as all the world may ſée.

Shame.

A ſhame come to it.

Reaſon.

Remember what fayre words, and promiſes thou diddeſt make,
That for my daughters loue, no paynes thou wouldeſt forſake.
Remember in what ſorte, we had a care of the:
Thou haſt decepued all our hope, as all the world may ſee.

Shame.

A ſhame come to it.

Reaſon.

Remember how Inſtruction, ſhould haue bene followed ſtyll,
And howe thou wouldeſt be ruled, by none but by Wyll.
How Idelnes hath crept, and raigneth in thy breaſt,
How Ignorance her ſonne, hath wholly thee poſſeſt.

Shame.

A ſhame come to it.

VVitte.

O woefull wretch to whom ſhall I complaine,
What ſalue may ſerue to ſalue my ſore, or to redreſſe my payne.
Naye I can tell the more: remember howe,
Thou was ſubdued of Tediouſnes right nowe.
Remember with what crakes thou went vnto hys denne,
Againſt the good aduiſe, and Counſell of thy men,
What Recreacion did for the, in theſe thy rufull happes,
And howe the ſecond tyme, thou fell into the lappe.

Shame.

A ſhame come to thee.

VVitte.

O let me breath a whyle, and hold thy heauy hand,
My greuouſe faultes with ſhame enoughe I vnderſtande.
Take ruthe and pitie on my playnt, or els I am forlorne,
Let not the world continue thus, in laughing mee to ſcorne.
Madame if I be hee, to whom you once were bente,
With whom to ſpend your time, ſometime you were content.
If any hope be left, if any recompence,
Be able to recouer this for paſſed negligence.
O helpe mee now poore wretche in this moſt heauy plight,
And furniſhe me yet once agayne, wyth Tediouſnes to fyght.

Science.

Father be good to theſe yonge tender yeares,
See howe he doth bewayle his folly paſt with teares,

Reaſon.

Would ſhame take thou his Cote for thy labor,
We are content at her requeſt, to take you to our fauor.
Come in and dwell with vs, til time ſhall ſerue:
And from Inſtruction rule, loke that thou neuer ſwerue
Wythin we ſhall prouide, to ſet you vp once more,
Thys ſcourge hath taught you, what defaulte was in you hereto-
Act 5 ſcena 3. (fore

VVill.

Once in my life I haue, an od haulfe hower to ſpare:
To eaſe my ſelfe of all, my trauaile and my care.
I ſtoode not ſtill ſo longe this xx. dayes I weene,
But euer more ſent forth on meſſages I haue bene.
Such trudging and ſuch toyle, by the maſſe was neuer ſeene,
My body is worne out, and ſpent with labor cleane.
And this it is that makes me loke ſo leane.
That lettes my growth, and makes me ſeene a ſquall,
What then although my ſtature be not tall.
Yet I am as proper as you, ſo neate and cleanly,
And haue my ioyntes at commaundement full of acteuitie,
What ſhould a ſeruaunt do, wyth all this fleſhe and bones,
That makes them runne with leaden heeles, & ſtur them ſelf like ſtones
Giue me a proper ſquier much after my pitche

And

And marke howe he from place, to place will ſquitche.
Fayre or foule, thicke or thinne, mire or duſty,
Clouds or rayne, light or darke, cleare or myſtie,
Ride or runne, to or froe, badde or good,
A neate litle fellowe, on his buſynes wyll ſcud.
Theſe great labozes are neyther actiue noz wyſe,
That ſéede till they ſlepe, and ſleape out their eyes.
So heauy, ſo dul, ſo vntoward in their doinge,
That it is a good ſight, to ſee them leaue wozking.
But all this while, while I ſtand pzating here,
I ſée not my mayſter, I left hym ſtozting here.

Act 5. ſcena 4.

Science, VVitte, VVill, Inſtruction Studie Diligence Tediouſnes.

Science.

Myne one deare Witte, the hope of mine auaile,
My care, my comfozt, my treaſure and my truſt,
Take hart of grace, our ennemye to aſſaile,
Lay vp theſe thynges, whych you haue hard diſcuſt.
So doinge, vndoubtingly you can not fayle.
To winne the fyeld to ſcape. all theſe vnhappy chewers,
To glad your frendes, to cauſe your foes to wayle,
To matche wyth vs, and then the gayne is youres.
Here in this Cloſet our ſelfe, will ſette and ſée,
Your manly feates, and your ſucceſſe in fyght:
Strike home couragiouſly, foz you and mée,
Learne wher and howe to fende, and howe to ſmite:
In any wyſe, be ruled by theſe thzée.
They ſhall dzeá both you, and Wyll aryght.
Farewell and let our louing counſell bee
At euery hande before you in your fyght,

VVitte.

Here in my ſight god Madam ſitte and vie we:
That when I liſt, I may loke vppe on you.
This face this noble face, this liuely hiew,
Shal harden mee, chal make our enemye rue.
O faythful mates, that haue this care of mee:
How ſhal I euer recompence, your paynes wyth gold oz ſée.
Come now and as you pleaſe, enioyne me how to dor it,
And you ſhall ſee me pzeſt, and ſeruiſable to it.

Will

VVill

Why maiſter whyther way, what haſt am I no body?

Inſtruction.

What Will, we maye not myſſe thee, for no money.

VVitte.

Welcome good Wyll, and doe as thou art bydde,
This daye or neuer, muſt Tediouſnes be ridde.

VVill.

God ſpede vs well, I will make one at all aſſayes.

Inſtruction.

Thou ſhalt watche to take him at certayne bayes,
Come not in the thronge, but ſaue thy ſelfe alwayes.
You twayne on eyther ſyde, firſt wyth your ſwoord and buckler.
After the firſt conflict, fight wyth your ſwoorde and daggers,
You ſir with a Jaueling and your Morgett in your hand,
See how ye can, his deadly ſtrokes wythſtand.
Kepe at the foyne, come not wythin his reache,
Untyll you ſee, what good aduauntage you may ketche.
Then hardy leaue him not, tyll time you ſtrike him dead,
And of all other partes, eſpecially ſaue your head.

VVitte.

Is this all, for I would fayne haue done?

VVill.

I would we weare at it. I care not how ſone.

Inſtruction.

Now when ye pleaſe. I haue no more to tell,
But hartely to praye for you, and wyſhe you well.

VVitte.

I thancke you, goe thou and bidde the battayle Wyll.

VVill.

Come out thou monſter fell, that haſt deſire to ſpill,
The knot and linked loue, of Science and of Witte,
Come trie the quarel in the feeld, and fyght with vs a litte.

Act. 5 ſcena. 5.

Tediouſnes, V. Vitte, VVill, Inſtruction, Studie, Diligence.

Tediouſnes.

A doughtie durte theſe lilli.boyes will doe,
I will eate them by morſels two and two.

Thou

Thou fyghteſte for a wyfe a rod a roddc,
Had I wiſt this, I would haue layed on loade,
And beate thy braine and thys my cloobe together,
And made thee ſafe inoughe for retouringe hyther,

VVill.

A foule horeſone what a ſturdie thike it is?
But we wyll pelt thee knaue vntill for woe thou piſſe,

Tediouſnes.

Let me come to that elſe.

VVitte.

Nay nay thou ſhalt haue worke inoughe to ſaue thy ſelfe,

Fight.

Inſtruction.

Take breath and chaunge your weapones playe the men,
Some what it was that made thee come agaen,
Thou ſtickeſt ſome what better to thy talking I ſee,
But what, no force ye are but Jack ſpot to mee.

VVitte.

Haue houlde beare is a morſell for thee to eate,

Studie, Inſtruction.

Here is a pelt to make youre knaues hart freete,

Diligence.

There is a blowe able to fell a hogge,

VVitte.

And here is a ſoyne behynde for a madde dogge.

Let will trippe you downe.

Houlde houlde houlde the lubber is downe,

Tediouſnes.

Oh

VVill.

Stryke of his hed whyle I houde hym by the crowne,

VVitte.

Thou monſtrous wretch, thou mortall foe to me and myne,
Which euermore at my good lucke and fortune dideſt repyne,
Take here thy luſte deſert and payment for thy hire.
Thy hed this day ſhall mee preſer vnto my hartes deſyre,

Inſtruction.

O noble Witte, the prayſe, the game is thine,

Studie.

Houe vp his head vpon your ſpeare, ſee here a ioyfull ſigne.

Diligence.

O valiant knighte, O conqueſt full of prayes.

VVill.

O bleſt of god to ſée theſe happie dayes.

VVitte.

You you, my faithfull Squiers deſerues no leſſe,
Whoſe tried truſt, well knowen to mee in my diſtres.
And certain hope of your firt fayth, and faſte good will,
Made me attempt this famouſe fact moſt nedefull to fulfill,
To you I yeald great thancks, to me redownds the gaine.
Now home a pace, and ringe it out, that Tediouſnes is ſlayne.
Say all at once, Tediouſnes is ſlaine.

Act. 5 ſcena. 6.

Science, VVitte.

Science.

I heare and ſée the ioyfull newes, wherin I take delight,
That Tediouſnes our mortall foe, is ouercome in fight.
I ſee the ſigne of victorye, the ſigne of manlines:
The hespe of happy happes: the top ỹ tongue cannot expreſſe.
O welcome fame from day to day for euer ſhal ariſe.

VVitte.

Auaunt ye griping cares, and lodge no more in mee,
For you haue loſt, and I haue wonne continuall ioyes and ſée.
Nowe let me freely touche, and freely you embrace,
And let my frendes with open mouth proclaime my bliſſfull caſe.

Science.

The world ſhall know doubt not, and ſhal blow out your fame,
Then true report ſhall ſend abrode, your euerlaſting name.
Nowe let our parentes dére, be certifyed of this,
So that our mariage may forth with procede as meete it is,
Come after mée all ſiue, and I will lead you in.

VVitte.

My payne is paſte, my gladnes to beginne,
My taſke is done, my hart is ſet at reſt,

My foe ſubdued, my Ladyes loue poſſeſt.
I thancke my frends, whoſe helpe I haue at neede,
And thus you ſee, howe Witte and Science are agréed,
Wée twaine hence forth one ſoule, in bodyes twayne muſt dwel
Reioyſe I prayе you all with mee, my frendes and fare ye well.

FINIS.